

Short Prose Dream 20201227182550274998

Texts Used: The Hunt For Scott Turner by Thomas Park

These texts were remixed using a “Dream Filter”, or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

Gellarty looked at Bunt with a gaze that was so full of nervous excitement that it hardly seemed able to fix on his face. She looked a little upset. Agent Torke slammed his hand on his steering wheel, producing a very loud THUD. Scott blinked again and looked out of the window and at the beach for a moment. Bunt looked at Scott Turner with a good deal of anger. Scott looked back at Bunt Sidecull with pale blue eyes that seemed to say nary a thing. The two agents got in the driver and passenger seats of the car, and they started the car's engine. Bunt looked at Gellarty, but she refused to meet his gaze. Bunt said, Hello, Agent Torke. Bunt looked at Scott Turner with a good deal of anger. Agent Torke looked at Scott.

Without replying, she turned away and started walking along the paved beachside path to the South. Bunt looked at the check Gellarty had give him. Bunt looked at Gellarty, but she refused to meet his gaze. Agent Torke looked thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to be on the verge of making an important conclusion. Agent Torke looked at Scott. Agent Torke slammed his hand on his steering wheel, producing a very loud THUD. Scott blinked again and looked out of the window and at the beach for a moment.

Agent Torke slammed his hand on his steering wheel, producing a very loud THUD. Agent Torke looked at Scott. Bunt looked at Gellarty, but she refused to meet his gaze.

Scott then turned and looked at the Pacific Ocean. A man could have worn that suit, thought Bunt, and he would have looked pretty much the same way.

He looked up to see where Gellarty was, and couldn't find her. He went into Gellarty's place without a word and started to get down to business. She led Bunt through an open doorway and into a nicely decorated living room, with a sofa, pseudo-expensive paintings on the wall, a nice, black-painted wooden table, and a television stand with a VCR and a television on it. The two agents got in the driver and passenger seats of the car, and they started the car's engine. Agent Torke looked thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to be on the verge of making an important conclusion. Bunt looked at Gellarty, but she refused to meet his gaze. Bunt said, Hello, Agent Torke. A man could have worn that suit, thought Bunt, and he would have looked pretty much the same way. Gellarty looked up at Bunt and handed him the check-- but she seemed already to be a thousand miles away. Without replying, she turned away and started walking along the paved beachside path to the South. Scott looked back at Bunt Sidecull with pale blue eyes that seemed to say nary a thing. Scott then turned and looked at the Pacific Ocean. She looked just like he must have when he was sitting in his car many years ago in front of Rose's apartment, waiting with an absurd excitement for her to return. She said, with a great deal of animation, that that was definitely Scott, and he looked just the way he had when she

was dating him. He walked in the restaurant's front door, a videotape in one hand, and looked around for Duffy.

He looked at Scott. He looked at Agent Torke and silently nodded. Agent Torke looked at Scott. Scott looked back at Bunt Sidecull with pale blue eyes that seemed to say nary a thing. Bunt said, Hello, Agent Torke.

Gellarty looked up at Bunt and handed him the check-- but she seemed already to be a thousand miles away. Without replying, she turned away and started walking along the paved beachside path to the South. She looked just like he must have when he was sitting in his car many years ago in front of Rose's apartment, waiting with an absurd excitement for her to return.

Bunt looked at Scott Turner with a good deal of anger. He held his eyes to his own, and looked deeply in them, searchingly, for a moment. Agent Torke slammed his hand on his steering wheel, producing a very loud THUD. The two agents got in the driver and passenger seats of the car, and they started the car's engine. Bunt looked at Gellarty, but she refused to meet his gaze.

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She said, with a great deal of animation, that that was definitely Scott, and he looked just the way he had when she was dating him. Gellarty looked at Bunt with a gaze that was so full of nervous excitement that it hardly seemed able to fix on his face. He looked at Greg with a mixture of pride and fear. Scott then turned and looked at the Pacific Ocean. He looked at Scott. Agent Torke started to very visibly polish the ring on his right hand, which was clenched into an ever tightening fist.

Agent Torke looked thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to be on the verge of making an important conclusion. Agent Torke looked at Scott. He looked at Agent Torke and silently nodded. He walked in the restaurant's front door, a videotape in one hand, and looked around for Duffy. She looked just like he must have when he was sitting in his car many years ago in front of Rose's apartment, waiting with an absurd excitement for her to return. She said, with a great deal of animation, that that was definitely Scott, and he looked just the way he had when she was dating him. Bunt looked out of Gellarty's living room for a minute at the dark, vast, starry sky, until he felt his eyes go unfocused.

Bunt said, Hello, Agent Torke. Bunt looked at Scott Turner with a good deal of anger. Bunt looked at the check Gellarty had give him. He put the check in his wallet, and started looking for a cab. He looked at Greg with a mixture of pride and fear. She said, with a great deal of animation, that that was definitely Scott, and he looked just the way he had when she was dating him. Gellarty looked at Bunt with a gaze that was so full of nervous excitement that it hardly seemed able to fix on his face. She looked a little upset. Bunt looked at Scott Turner with a good deal of anger.

He held his eyes to his own, and looked deeply in them, searchingly, for a moment. Agent Torke slammed his hand on his steering wheel, producing a very loud THUD. Agent Torke looked at Scott.

She looked a little upset. Agent Torke looked like he was about to make a terrible connection-- like he was holding two opposite-charged wires very closely together with trembling hands-- and then he just couldn't bring himself to make them touch. He looked at Scott. She said, with a great deal of animation, that that was definitely Scott, and he looked just the way he had when she was dating him. Gellarty looked at Bunt with a gaze that was so full of nervous excitement that it hardly seemed able to fix on his face. Without replying, she turned away and started walking along the paved beachside path to the South. Bunt looked up, startled. The two agents got in the driver and passenger seats of the car, and they started the car's engine. A man could have worn that suit, thought Bunt, and he would have looked pretty much the same way. He went into Gellarty's place without a word and started to get down to business. Bunt said, Hello, Agent Torke. Bunt looked out of Gellarty's living room for a minute at the dark, vast, starry sky, until he felt his eyes go unfocused. He looked up to see where Gellarty was, and couldn't find her. Bunt said, Hello, Agent Torke. A man could have worn that suit, thought Bunt, and he would have looked pretty much the same way. He went into Gellarty's place without a word and started to get down to business. She led Bunt through an open doorway and into a nicely decorated living room, with a sofa, pseudo-expensive paintings on the wall, a nice, black-painted wooden table, and a television stand with a VCR and a television on it. She looked just like he must have when he was sitting in his car many years ago in front of Rose's apartment, waiting with an absurd excitement for her to return. Scott looked back at Bunt Sidecull with pale blue eyes that seemed to say nary a thing. She said, with a great deal of animation, that that was definitely Scott, and he looked just the way he had when she was dating him. Gellarty looked at Bunt with a gaze that was so full of nervous excitement that it hardly seemed able to fix on his face. He looked at Greg with a mixture of pride and fear.

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Scott blinked again and looked out of the window and at the beach for a moment. Agent Torke looked thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to be on the verge of making an important conclusion. She looked a little upset.

Gellarty looked as though a deep heaviness had come over her. Gellarty looked up at Bunt and handed him the check-- but she seemed already to be a thousand miles away. He looked up to see where Gellarty was, and couldn't find her.

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Bunt said, Hello, Agent Torke. Bunt looked at Scott Turner with a good deal of anger. He put the check in his wallet, and started looking for a cab. Bunt looked up, startled. He held his eyes to his own, and looked deeply in them, searchingly, for a moment. He looked up to see where Gellarty was, and couldn't find her. He held his eyes to his own, and looked deeply in them, searchingly, for a moment. She looked just like he must have when he was sitting in his car many years ago in front of Rose's apartment, waiting with an absurd excitement for her to return. She said, with a great deal of animation, that that was definitely Scott, and he looked just the way he had when she was dating him.

The two agents got in the driver and passenger seats of the car, and they started the car's engine. Bunt looked at Gellarty, but she refused to meet his gaze. Bunt looked up, startled. The two agents got in the driver and passenger seats of the car, and they started the car's engine. Bunt looked at Scott Turner with a good deal of anger. Agent Torke started to very visibly polish the ring on his right hand, which was clenched into an ever tightening fist. He looked at Greg with a mixture of pride and fear. Bunt looked at Gellarty, but she refused to meet his gaze. Agent Torke started to very visibly polish the ring on his right hand, which was clenched into an ever tightening fist. Bunt looked out of Gellarty's living room for a minute at the dark, vast, starry sky, until he felt his eyes go unfocused. He looked up to see where Gellarty was, and couldn't find her.

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They were all used, but they had been polished to a high gloss, and looked very nice. A man could have worn that suit, thought Bunt, and he would have looked pretty much the same way. Bunt looked up, startled. The two agents got in the driver and passenger seats of the car, and they started the car's engine. Bunt looked at the check Gellarty had give him. Bunt looked at Gellarty, but she refused to meet his gaze.

He looked at Scott.

Without replying, she turned away and started walking along the paved beachside path to the South. Without replying, she turned away and started walking along the paved beachside path to the South.

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She led Bunt through an open doorway and into a nicely decorated living room, with a sofa, pseudo-expensive paintings on the wall, a nice, black-painted wooden table, and a television stand with a VCR and a television on it.

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He looked at Scott. She looked a little upset. She led Bunt through an open doorway and into a nicely decorated living room, with a sofa, pseudo-expensive paintings on the wall, a nice, black-painted wooden table, and a television stand with a VCR and a television on it. Agent Torke looked thoughtful for a moment, and then seemed to be on the verge of making an important conclusion. Gellarty looked up at Bunt and handed him the check-- but she seemed already to be a thousand miles away. Without replying, she turned away and started walking along the paved beachside path to the South. Agent Torke started to very visibly polish the ring on his right hand, which was clenched into an ever tightening fist. Agent Torke looked like he was about to make a terrible connection-- like he was holding two opposite-charged wires very closely together with trembling hands-- and then he just couldn't bring himself to make them touch. Without replying, she turned away and started walking along the paved beachside path to the South. Agent Torke slammed his hand on his steering wheel, producing a very loud THUD. Agent Torke started to very visibly polish the ring on his right hand, which was clenched into an ever tightening fist. Agent Torke looked at Scott. Agent Torke started to very visibly polish the ring on his right hand, which was clenched into an ever tightening fist. Agent Torke started to very visibly polish the ring on his right hand, which was clenched into an ever tightening fist. She led Bunt through an open doorway and into a nicely decorated living room, with a sofa, pseudo-expensive paintings on the wall, a nice, black-painted wooden table, and a television stand with a VCR and a television on it.

Bunt looked out of Gellarty's living room for a minute at the dark, vast, starry sky, until he felt his eyes go unfocused. He looked up to see where Gellarty was, and couldn't find her. Gellarty looked as though a deep heaviness had come over her. Scott then turned and looked at the Pacific Ocean. Gellarty looked as though a deep heaviness had come over her.

Agent Torke slammed his hand on his steering wheel, producing a very loud THUD. He looked at Agent Torke and silently nodded. Gellarty looked at Bunt with a gaze that was so full of nervous excitement that it hardly seemed able to fix on his face. She looked a little upset. She led Bunt through an open doorway and into a nicely decorated living room, with a sofa, pseudo-expensive paintings on the wall, a nice, black-painted wooden table, and a television stand with a VCR and a television on it.

Agent Torke looked at Scott.

He looked at Agent Torke and silently nodded.